

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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CHILDREN OF THE "NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYROOM," KEPT OPEN BY THE LEAGUE THROUGH THE SUMMER.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

"Rat Clubs."

The Women's Municipal League, according to a recent newspaper article, proposes to form clubs for killing rats. They intend to offer prizes to the rat killer who kills the greatest number. All that they say about the harm done by rats is probably true, but it is quite evident that the writer of the article is a sympathizer with the author of "The Domestic Cat, Bird-Killer, Mouser and Destroyer of Wild Life," an exaggerated and one-sided statement made by Mr. Forbush, State Ornithologist, and widely circulated by the Audubon Societies of New York and Boston.

The horrible tragedy of witchcraft arose from just such small beginnings, and there was as much reason in it as there is in some of these statements that have been made and circulated about cats.

Human nature is much the same now as it was in the days of witchcraft. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," is an illustration of this spirit of hysterical imagination.

In the article above referred to the writer says,—"*The cat is no longer much of a protection*"—from rats. Why not? Who says so? What has changed the cats' nature? These men who are trying to bring about a warfare against cats deny the fact that the cat is a useful domestic animal on the ground that cats no longer hunt rats or mice, but they declare that cats are most destructive hunters of birds—How is it that they have changed their nature as regards rats and mice and not birds? They do not catch any birds that their detractors wish to get rid of—Oh no, to acknowledge that would be a point in the cats' favor which their defamers would not grant. They appear to believe that cats discriminate, and pass by English sparrows but immediately recognize and kill the field and song sparrows, thereby showing more intelligence than boys I have known who have been caught shooting with their air-guns the field sparrows and when taken to task declared that they thought they were English sparrows.

Montclair, New Jersey, has been trying its

best to exterminate cats because they kill birds, but now they are calling for gunners and boys and sportsmen to destroy the purple grackle because it has become too numerous in their town. Perhaps they are missing the cats! For over three thousand years the cat has been a domestic animal yet the birds are not all dead yet. We still have flocks of all kinds of birds excepting a few that everyone knows have been exterminated by man.

Thousands of men and women, without any exaggeration, have given their testimony for cats, declaring that they kill both rats and mice and are of more use than any rat trap that has been devised.

A religious paper recently had an article entitled "The Murderer in Your Town" and this meant the cat; not the man who goes out hunting for sport, or the boys (and there are still many of them in spite of Bands of Mercy) who rob nests of the eggs and the young birds and kill birds with their air-guns. Two girls carried off a bird's nest with eggs in it, taking it out of a bush in a field. They were seen in the act, but too late to restore the nest.

We who know how useful and how valuable cats are must stand up for them against the men and women who are trying to create a prejudice against them which may lead to very serious results. A poor woman left her baby in the cradle recently and a rat gnawed off the baby's toes. Had there been a cat in the room this would not have happened.

The cat is one of the most useful animals that has been created as a companion and helper to man yet we quite agree with those writers who declare there are too many cats. This is largely the fault of morbidly sentimental women who are not willing to have cats or kittens put to death. Wherever an Animal Rescue League is started and carried on wisely the number of cats and kittens will be greatly lessened in a humane manner. We are sorry to say that several Shelters for cats and dogs have been started in this and in other states where the object seems to be to keep as many animals alive as possible and give them out to any one who asks. Such Shelters, by whatever name they may be known, are worse than no shelter at all and do not deserve support.

We cannot feel any sympathy with individuals who let kittens live when they should be put to

death; who give away female cats and kittens, and who cast out their cats on the world to be a misery to themselves and a source of trouble wherever they are rather than to have them mercifully killed.

Let us try to use common sense about all these animals that are at our mercy, and above all let us endeavor not to let personal dislike or prejudice prevent us from giving to every creature its due. If any one doubts the great usefulness of cats and is willing to look at both sides of the question let him pay a visit to The Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, and look over a few hundreds of letters and circulars that have been sent to the president of the League expressing in the warmest terms appreciation of the usefulness of cats as mousers and ratters when all other means had failed.

Can the women in tenement houses put traps and poison in their one or two rooms? Can they keep a rat- or a fox-terrier in such quarters?

Let us stop this tirade against cats and try what can be done to lessen the number of hunters and birdnest robbers.—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

The Pope's Humanity.

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to the kindly act of His Holiness Pius X., told in the following extract from an Italian paper, under date of July 9:

Aldo Bennetti, the parish priest of Terraia near Spoleto, has invented an aeroplane with adjustable wings identical to those of the swallows.

In an interview he explained the principles of his invention. He said he studied the flight of the swallows, and admitted having cut off the wings of several live birds and fitted them with mechanical wings which enabled them to fly. The priest added that the birds were martyrs of science. It was indispensable that they should be tortured, as he wanted to test his invention and had not the money to buy models, and was therefore bound to use birds.

The Pope read the interview this morning, and wired to the Bishop of Spoleto, threatening dire punishment to the parish priest if he resorted to these cruel and barbarous methods.

The Pope instructed the bishop to warn the inventor that he would deprive him of his right to celebrate mass if he continued his experi-

ments. At the same time he sent him a sum of money to enable the priest to build models, as he wished to encourage aviation provided animals were not tortured.

Rose Gardens to Take Place of "Zoo."

The directors of the Holyoke street railway company have decided to do away with the zoo at Mountain park, their chief amusement place, and are disposing of the animals as fast as possible. It is the intention of the directors to beautify Mountain park, and with that end in view a contract has been awarded to a well-known florist to furnish about 15,000 rose bushes for next season. This new garden will be laid out on the tract now known as Deer park. The black bear at the park has been sold to a Philadelphia party, while the vast collection of deer at the park has been sold to a New York concern. The deer will remain until the first of November, when they will be shipped to their destination.

The street railway officials have a number of smaller animals, and these will be placed on the market. Included in this collection is "Jocko," the famous monkey at the park, who has amused thousands of people by his strange antics. "Jocko" escaped from his cage in the park several years ago and since that time has been mingling with every one except the park keepers. For the past two winters he has slept with the deer, and although it has been said that the cold weather is detrimental to monkeys, "Jocko" emerges every spring, bigger than ever.

It is the intention of the street railway officials to make a beauty spot of the park that will rival all the other great beauty parks in New England. The rose gardens will take up quite a bit of territory and will have Mt. Tom for a background. It will be necessary to chop down quite a number of trees at Deer park to make room for the big improvements. Work on these improvements will start just as soon as the park closes for the season.

We are glad to hear of one "zoo" that is to be replaced by beautiful plants but we wish the unfortunate animals could be in some way released from their bondage. Perhaps in time men will realize the fact that zoos mean a great expense and a great deal of suffering for which better things might be substituted.



NEW BIRD POOL.

BUNGALOW NOTES

PINE RIDGE, October 1.—Yesterday the juncos came back, a large flock of them. I spent between two and three hours watching the construction of a new bird basin in Pine Ridge Cemetery. We had one there but I could not see that the birds used it. It was made entirely of concrete, a block hollowed out, and surrounded by large stones. We changed all that and made a more natural drinking place by hollowing a pool about two feet across in the ground; then Tony, the little Italian who has been Mr. Gleghorn's assistant in building the stone summer houses, brought small stones and cement. The stones made a foundation and the cement held them together. This basin or pool was made around the lead pipe that brings the water into the cemetery and to prevent the pipe from being too conspicuous we put a small rustic post each side of it so that only the faucet appeared.

We started with a border of small stones around the pool but that did not look right so I called Perkins into the Bird Basin Manufacturing Company and sent him across Jenny's Lane to the river to see what he could pick up there. He found some short grass growing in the water like moss and brought it back, after stopping long enough to give Basil a swim in the river.

Meanwhile Tony had taken a hand again and I found him busily sticking little stones and shells I had brought down from the bungalow

into the cement and enjoying it so much that I would not on any account have stopped him although I did make a few changes in the arrangement. Lastly the pool was banked up all around with green sods.

This morning the Man-of-the-Bungalow took an early walk down to the cemetery. When he came back he told me the good news that there were flocks of birds in the bushes near the new basin and they were fairly crowding each other in their eagerness to take a bath.

I hurried down to the scene as soon as I could and seating myself on a rustic seat not too near but in sight of the bird basin I watched robins, blue-jays, sparrows and other small birds bathing and splashing with great enjoyment—and I was satisfied.

The morning was perfectly still. There being no wind few leaves were falling. I sat so quietly, and Davie Lindsay, lying at my feet, was also so



"TONY."

quiet, that one strange little bird came to a cedar very near me and picked insects off a dead twig. I looked up this bird when I went back to the bungalow and decided it was the Myrtle Warbler.

We never had so many robins as this fall. What have the cats been doing all over the country to let the birds multiply so! The robins have eaten all the grapes on the Bungalow arbor and nearly all on the long arbor leading to the cemetery—but we do not begrudge them their feast. Before they took the grapes they had a feast of wild cherries, stripping all our trees, then they carefully picked off the elderberry bushes every berry. After the grapes are gone they will have to fall back on the cedar berries

and barberries though I noticed they are not very keen about barberries.

I was much pleased to see a letter in defence of the English sparrows in *Country Life in America* giving them credit for much useful work. Better and more encouraging still, it was edited by Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Audubon Society. Perhaps if I live long enough, I shall yet see the persecution and slanderous accusations against English sparrows and cats so unpopular that newspapers will refuse to print them. It all depends on how the world progresses, whether it goes forward or backward.

When there was a lull in the rush of birds to the new basin Davie and I crossed the cemetery and went up the winding driveway stopping to admire our new stone house—The Retreat, which is the latest and greatest addition to Pine Ridge Cemetery and Bird Reserve.—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.



STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



A Country Visit.

Two young women sat on a veranda in front of a pleasant farm house a beautiful summer evening. All was quiet excepting the lowing of a cow and the barking of a dog.

"I am so glad I came here," said one, "the children like it so much. I shall stay through the vacation, shan't you?"

"No," replied the other, "I shall have to stay until I hear from my husband. I wrote him today he must arrange for us to go to another place."

"Why Anna Lester! You have only been here five days! What has happened?"

"I can't stand it—that's all."

"Can't stand what?" asked Mrs. Poole. "I think the food is much better than it is at most farm houses, in fact, I thought it was pretty good."

"I don't find any fault with the food; I doubt if you would understand if I tell you, Minnie, for you and I always felt differently about animals, you know, even at school."

"I don't know what you mean, Anna, I haven't

thought anything about animals here. I shall be very lonesome if you go, and our children play together so nicely—What have you noticed that has troubled you so?"

"You haven't been disturbed nights, then?" said Mrs. Lester.

"No, I've slept well all night. Now you speak of it, though, I remember I noticed a cow was making some noise, she's mooing now, and a dog has barked a good deal, but I am used to noises in the city and I soon fell asleep and didn't wake up until morning. You are not afraid because it is so lonesome here?"

"Afraid? No!" answered Mrs. Lester. "I suppose you don't mind the noise of the cow and the dog any more than you would the rumbling of a car?—You never understood any language but your own, did you?"

"You know, Anna, I studied French a little while, but I did not care about learning any other language. What has that got to do with your going home, or with the cow, or the dog?"

"I have always understood the language of the animals people call dumb. I think I was born with an understanding of it, and all night long I heard an unhappy mother crying, 'I want my baby! I want my baby! Some one has stolen my baby!' You only heard a long drawn out moo—m-o-o-o—but I heard the mother's sad cry, and it made me very unhappy."

"Now, Anna, that is imagination, and I think you are very silly. Cows always moo. It is a part of the cow to moo."

"Do they moo all night long with such a voice of misery?" said Mrs. Lester. "If they did I fancy few people would want to live in the country. Two days ago I saw the farmer carrying away a little calf in his wagon, and as soon as the cow came from pasture that night she began to call and call for her little one. I do not want to drink the milk from that cow. I know it must be fevered and unwholesome when taken from a cow that is worrying all day and all night for her baby. I wonder very much that any *mother* can hear that agonized cry and not feel like weeping herself with sympathy."

"I never thought anything about it," said Mrs. Poole soberly, "but I suppose there is no help for it."

"There is help for it if people only cared to

find it out. There are ways that a calf can be taken from the cow without making the cow so wretched. In Scotland I have been told by a friend who lived there (and I think it is the same in Ireland) you never hear a cow moaning for her calf. If the farmer does not want to keep the calf, or if he does not want the mother to have it, he takes it away just as soon as it comes into the world. The mother never sees it, and so does not miss it. But this means more trouble for the farmer who has to feed the calf himself. Most of our farmers are in too great a hurry to take any time to save a cow from hours of suffering. Fortunately not all of them are so indifferent, however. I visited a farmer who had a herd of the handsomest Holstein cows I ever saw and he told me he never let a cow be worried about her calf, or anything else. You should have seen what happy looking cows they were. It did me good to see them."

"Are cows always crying for their babies when they moo?" asked Mrs. Poole.

"Not always," said Mrs. Lester. "Very few people know that cows love their home, and their friends, and are very homesick when they are taken away from home. Sometimes they are crying for homesickness, or for the company of other cows, for cows are lonesome and do not like to be alone in a pasture or a stable but that is not such a piteous cry, and homesick or lonesome cows can be comforted if the man who takes care of them gives them a little extra attention. I have known of a cow that was alone in a stable to take comfort in the companionship of a fine collie dog."

Mrs. Poole laughed, but it was not a very merry laugh. "I never thought about cows having any feelings; I have only thought about them as milking machines. Sometimes the machine rumbles and creaks and I never wanted to go near it for fear I might get hurt, but a cow being lonesome, or homesick, or crying for her baby or her companions,—well, I confess it is a new thought to me, and I am afraid it will worry me now to hear them moo."

"Why do you say you are afraid it will worry you? I wish with all my heart that these sounds of pain and mental suffering coming from what we call the dumb animals would worry every man and every woman and every child

who hears them until men thought it a duty to do everything in their power to keep the animals they own for their profit or their pleasure comfortable in their minds as well as in their bodies."

"To tell the truth," said Mrs. Poole, "I have never thought about making them happy. I knew we ought to feed them and give them water to drink and that is as far as I ever thought about them."

"Yet you know," said Mrs. Lester, "that we cannot make a child happy only by giving it plenty to eat and drink. If you take the child away from its home it cries for home and mother. If you scold the child, shout at it and frighten it, tease it and make it angry, pinch or strike at it, even in fun, you hurt the child and make its life miserable; yet men treat our useful, faithful domestic animals this way and think it no harm. Like you, they seem to think the horse, cow, pig, sheep, dog, cat, is nothing more than a machine, and has no more feeling than a cart or a bicycle. Indeed I have known men and boys who took better care of a little motor car or a bicycle than they did of their horse or their dog. They were more afraid of damaging it or giving it too hard use."

"Oh Anna! What is the use of worrying about such things? You can't reform the world"—Mrs. Poole began to say.

"Perhaps not," interrupted Anna, "but I may be able to reform one little corner of it, and some one may take notice and reform another corner, and so on, until the reform spreads wider than we expect. I can't reform this farm to-day but I shall let them know why I am leaving and that may make some impression on Mr. Corbet who only laughed when I tried to make him see that it would be better for him as well as the animals if he would think more about their happiness and try, at least, to keep them from fretting half their time."

"I must say," said Mrs. Poole, "I have pitied that poor dog he keeps tied up all the time to a dog house. I wonder you haven't spoken of that."

"Spoken of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester, "I told him plainly I would not stay in a place where a dog was kept tied up night and day (excepting perhaps for an hour's time once in a day or two if Mr. Corbet happens to get time

to go in the woods hunting) not if I were paid for it. I told him I was kept awake all night hearing the dog bark every time any one, friend or foe, dog or cat or horse, passed by on the street. He is no good as a watch dog for he barks at everything. It is all the excitement the poor dog gets to bark, and his temper, Mr. Corbet says himself, is getting very bad."

"We had a dog once that we kept tied and it ruined his temper, I remember, so that father had to kill him," said Mrs Poole. "I was going to tell that to Mr. Corbet but I did not like to interfere."

"It is your duty to interfere. It is everyone's duty to speak up when they see any animal suffering, and that dog's life is misery to him. It is dreadful to think that this beautiful place which should be a home of happiness to all living creatures is just the opposite, and is full of unhappiness and suffering. Why, there is not one creature on this place that is not to be pitied," said Mrs. Lester.

"Alice tells me that the barn is full of wild cats. They won't let her come near them," said Mrs. Poole.

"I spoke to him about that, too," said Mrs. Lester. "My two little ones asked me if there were not any pets for them to love while they were here, so I asked Mrs. Corbet the first thing if she had any cats or dogs the children could play with. Although they are only four and five years old they have never been rough with their pets, but of their own accord they handle them very tenderly. She told me that there were cats enough around the barn and sheds but she never had one in the house, and I found she did not feed them. When Mr. Corbet milks he puts down a pan of milk for them. Of course they are half-starved and wild, and it is wicked to let so many of them live. I told her so, but she said Mr. Corbet wanted them to catch the rats and mice in the barn and sheds. I told her that two well fed cats would do better work catching rats and mice than a dozen half-starved ones, but she said Mr. Corbet did not want her to feed them. That is why I cannot stay. As I told you—I can't stand it here, it makes me wretched."

"I think you are right, Anna, and I will go, too. I can see it is the duty of any one who

wants to make the world better to protest against ill-treatment of animals. You feel sure you can't do any good by staying?"

"Yes. You don't know how I have tried ever since I came to get Mr. Corbet to see how much better off he would be to treat his animals well. There are some people who are simply thoughtless, and you can do something with them, but these people don't care. They are worse than thoughtless, they are heartless. The horse has a bad sore under his collar and Mr. Corbet does not take any pains to cure it or give the horse a chance to rest, because it is haying time."

"That is cruel," said Mrs. Poole.

"The pigs wallow in filth under the barn in a cellar where only a single ray of sunlight ever enters," continued Mrs. Lester. "It is pathetic to see those pigs get their noses in that little bit of sunshine while outside there are fields enough to give them a dry, sunny yard which would make them happy and healthy."

"How about the hens, are they well cared for?"

"The hens are crowded together and have the same henyard year after year so that the ground in it is poisoned and not fit for hens to live on—and yet," replied Mrs. Lester, "this is called a fine farm, and Mr. Corbet is considered a model farmer, I suppose."

"He works hard enough," said Mrs. Poole, "and doesn't get much out of life, and his wife works harder than he does—I think they are both to be pitied."

"They need not work so hard if they were willing to learn, but you as well as I have seen that they do not like it if any one who lives more in the world, and reads and studies into the best methods of living, tries to pull them out of the ruts they have been travelling in all their lives. I would stay here all summer and get books for them, and try to help them if I saw the least chance of making this farm a different place where every living creature on it was made comfortable and happy, where all these four-footed servants that are giving their lives without any thanks or any kind consideration, would be saved from the unnecessary suffering now inflicted on them. Oh how my heart aches for them and for the many that suffer

like them."—Mrs. Lester's voice broke off with a sob.

A voice came out of the dark room behind them making both ladies jump to their feet.

"P'raps, lady, you're giving up too soon. I came in here to get cooled off and have a nap and couldn't help hearing all you've said. It may be because it was quiet and I was rested but I understand you better. I somehow seem to see more as you do. It isn't just because I want you to stay, but I guess you're right. The cow didn't give half the milk she ought to give to-day and I suppose it's because she's been fretting so. If you'll help me to understand that way you was telling about, taking the calf so that the cow won't fret after it, I'll try it next time, I promise you. Wolf's getting too noisy and I will let him run to-morrow. You're right, too, about the pigs—I've been thinking myself a barn cellar is no place for them to live in. I can open it out into a good-sized yard in a day's work. I haven't had any luck with my hogs, anyway. Maybe I'll give up keeping them, but I'll fix a sunny run for them right off. As for the cats,—I guess I'd better see that we don't keep quite so many. Perhaps you can tell Ma Corbet how to feed and tame two or three of the best ones and I'll attend to the rest. I sponged old Billy's neck with vinegar and water and put a pad under the collar to-day, just as you advised, so you see I was listening to you even if I did laugh at you a little."

"Oh, Mr. Corbet, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester. "I see I was too hasty. I hope you will forgive me for what I said. You see I feel these things so deeply I get excited and lose my patience—and I'm sorry. I will stay gladly, if you will let me, and we will see if we can't work together and be good friends. You have taught me a lesson not to judge too hastily."

"And you have been a regular school ma'am to me," said Mr. Corbet. "I haven't had such a settin' down since I was a boy in school, but I deserved it, and it will do me and the farm 'servants,' as you call them, good."

"Let's shake hands on it," said Mrs. Lester putting her hand through the dark window. They shook hands half laughing. Mrs. Corbet also came out of the darkness and she said—

"I'm glad Wolf is going to be loose. I hated to see him tied up all the time; and I would be awfully glad to have a nice cat in the house for the mice have got into my pantry."

"I must go and write to my husband so that I can send word by the morning mail that I'm going to stay here all the summer," said Mrs. Lester—"Good-night, all."

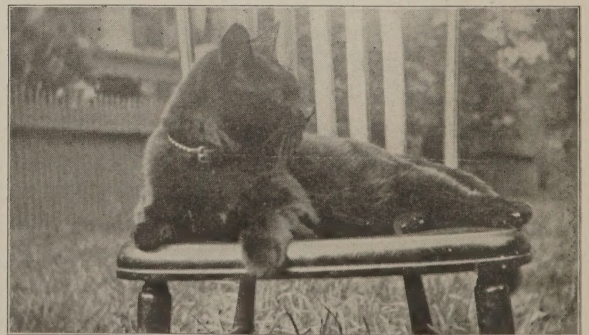
"Good-night, *Teacher*—I guess you won't hear any more noises, after to-night, anyway. I'll get things fixed up to-morrow, you see if I don't; and you can come out and advise me how big a yard to give the pigs, and where to make a new run for the hens. Now I'm going to unfasten Wolf and give him a good run down the lane. Then when he comes back he shall have a fine bone and a dish of fresh water. After that I don't believe he'll trouble you to-night. Come along, wife. Let's take a little moonlight walk for a change."

Mrs. Lester and Mrs. Poole waited until they saw in the bright moonlight the farmer and his wife strolling down the lane between the orchard and the vegetable garden. Wolf was racing before them barking joyously. Mrs. Poole was very sober.

"Anna," she said, as they started up the stairs, "this has been a lesson to me. We never know what good we can do unless we try and I have been too indifferent to try."

"And I was too ready to give up, forgetting that we are told to 'be not weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.



A Lonesome Cat.

This beautiful black cat lived to be thirteen years old. As a kitten he belonged to my neighbor across the way. When he was about

a year old his mistress went to Europe early in the spring. With everything made comfortable for him the kitten was left outside in charge of the gardener. The man brought his milk every morning, but the poor kitty whom we will call "Fato" had nothing to eat except what he provided for himself.

Having always been a house kitty he grew very lonely. He would wander about the grounds and porches, then sit and listen for the return step of his mistress. This went on for three weeks. His mistress was to be gone all summer.

Across the street lived a girl that was very fond of animals. "Fato" had grown quite wild in his three weeks of exile, but kindly interest made us fast friends. I got permission to take charge of the milk so the kitten could have it fresh and sweet. Milk standing outside does not keep long in summer.

Fato hardly knew what to think of his new friend but responded to my kindness. When he got his piece of meat or bit of fish, he became less frightened. It was quite a while before he would let me take him in my arms. As I was busy and could not go over to him every time he was to be fed, he would not come by himself to beg, too proud, I believe. I tried to call him, but no, then I snapped my fingers to draw his attention. He would remain still a second, listen, then give a race, with his tail up, and not stop until he had reached me. I always had his dinner or supper for him. After that we were the best of friends.

The summer was nearly over. The nights had grown chilly, almost cold. Having heard cats wanted to be warm I placed a chair on our back piazza. Nearly every morning found him nestled there on the cushion.

When his family returned "Fato" said good-bye for a while.

The winter passed, during that time he often came to see me, not to beg, just to make a visit. If he did not come I missed him.

With the approach of another spring again the family planned their summer trip, providing for Fato this time a home with nearby friends. The place was new, kitty's curiosity led him to investigate and go into places where he didn't belong. One nearly cost him his life.

In the cellar was a fruit closet; the door was open and "Fato" went in. Someone came along and closed the door not knowing "Fato" was there. "Poor kitten" was prisoner for four long weeks with nothing to eat or drink. When found Sunday evening he could not stand. The lady was kindhearted and sat up all night to feed him with a spoon. As soon as he was able to crawl he found his way back to his old home only to find the house closed.

Again the girl across the way responded to the call of the brave lonesome cat. "Fato" tried to show how happy he was to see her but was too weak. She took him in her arms across the street and fixed him a bed in a box. There he remained three or four days too weak to do anything but sleep. A tablespoonful of milk was all he could be persuaded to take.

On the fourth day he began to show some life. He jumped out of the box, looked up at me in the dazed manner of a person and seemed to ask: "Where have I been all this time?" I carried him to the kitchen, coaxed him to eat and after that he picked up, soon being as handsome as ever.

When the family across the way returned this time, "Fato" refused to leave his new home. I grew very fond of him, and he seemed to understand everything that was said to him. He learned to understand the Swedish language as well as the English. He was a good mouser but never allowed to go far from home. When he wandered to the next-door neighbors, I would knock on the window. "Fato" would look up as much as to say, "I will be back pretty soon." In a short time he would appear at the same window to be let in. As he grew older he became less active but lost none of his beauty. "Fato" died April 20, 1916. I miss him very much and always will.—ELLEN KIELLBERG.

Many families think it is all right to go away for weeks and leave the family cat outside to be cared for indifferently by a neighbor or the milkman. They do not think of the loneliness of the cat shut out of her home and missing the friends she had depended on, nor of the many risks cats run when left to care for themselves. The cat of this story was very fortunate to find such a kind friend in the writer of this little true story.

**HUMANE
EDUCATION**

A Holiday Gift Book.

It is not too soon to begin to think of our holiday gifts and fortunate indeed will be that child who gets a present of "Rhymes for Kindly Children" by Fairmont Snyder, illustrated by John B. Gruelle. This book also has a subtitle, "Modern Mother Goose Jingles," and the beauty of it is that all the jingles partake of that kindly spirit of love in which the book was written.

Following is an example:

A QUESTION.

When you go to get a drink,
Do you ever stop to think,
That dogs and cats, and squirrels, too,
Get just as thirsty, dear, as you?
They cannot turn a faucet,—so—
All parched and thirsty they must go.
Oh, did you ever stop to think,
They cannot *ask* you for a drink?

Another particularly good jingle is about the hobby horse:

THE HARMFUL HITTING HABIT.

Kindly Child:

May I have a hobby horse?
Oh, how I should like it!

Kindly Mother:

You may have a hobby horse
If you will not strike it.

Not that you could hurt the wood,
Nor pain a painted rabbit—
But Kindly Children must not learn
The harmful hitting habit!

The book is full of just such delightful little rhymes as these that I have quoted and is sure to have an excellent influence over the little ones who read it. As for the illustrations they are themselves enough to sell the book. They are in the style of Kate Greenaway and are remarkable both in their conception and coloring. In fact we have never seen a book for children that seemed so charming in every way. It is as the publishers claim "A kindly book with a kindly aim and for this reason we believe it should be in the hands of every child, parent, teacher, welfare worker, and all others inter-

ested in the furthering of the humane cause or in the child welfare movement."

The price of this beautiful book is one dollar and as soon as it is introduced to the public we believe it will sell so rapidly that there may be difficulty in getting copies.—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

Had Thoreau lived he would been 99 years old the 12th of last July. In looking over his "Notes on New England Birds" I found many interesting paragraphs worth quoting and this is one of the best:

"Birds are certainly afraid of man. They allow all other creatures—cows, horses, etc., excepting only one or two kinds, birds or beasts of prey, to come near them, but not man. What does this fact signify? Does it not signify that man, too, is a beast of prey to them? Is he, then, a true lord of creation whose subjects are afraid of him, and with reason? They know very well that he is not humane as he pretends to be."

About the blue bird he wrote, April, 1852, "The bluebird carries the sky on his back."

TO PETERKIN IN HEAVEN.

Jolly playmate once you were,
Amber eyes and dark brown fur,
Flaunting tail and friendly spring,
Merry, tiny, living thing!
Two eyes lit with sulphur flames
Showed your hiding-place in games;
Like a lion's in a book
Sometimes gleamed your kitten's look.

Now that you that were so gay
Are dead, I lonely make a play,—
Playing that your silky ears
Hear the music of the spheres,
Or that destiny at dice
Has thrown you into paradise,
And Saint Peter with a grin
Welcomed furry Peterkin.

Do you pat with puzzled paw
On the tables of the law,
Biting at the bell and gem
As they hang from Aaron's hem?
Perhaps you leap the flaming bars
To play at ball with wandering stars,
Running back at last to purr
While the angels pat your fur.

* * * * *

So I fancy you above,
Poor dead kitten that I love;
So from my own thoughts I hide
How you looked the day you died.

—Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan.

Caroline Earle White.

Many humane workers all over this country and in Europe will mourn the departure of Mrs. Caroline Earle White, one of the few pioneers in humane work. I have no statistics at hand, but I can say that Mrs. White's work in organizing a humane society in Philadelphia followed closely on the work of Henry Bergh the first founder of a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this country. Mrs. White was a very young woman when Mr. Bergh began his humane work and she was so impressed by the need of such work in every state she began her efforts to get a society organized in her own city, first consulting with Mr. Bergh.

Later Mrs. White organized the American Anti-Vivisection Society also the Journal of Zoophily, an excellent monthly periodical devoted to animals. For nearly fifty years Mrs. White was president of the society she formed and greatly beloved by her officers, members and co-workers.

Mrs. White had a beautiful summer residence in Nantucket, her native town, where I had the pleasure of visiting her three years ago. Although nearly eighty years of age at that time she kept up an active correspondence with humane workers and wrote excellent articles for publication. In the evening she sat down to a game of cards or read French or Italian books.

In England, France and Italy as well as in her own country, Mrs. White's name was known and honored.

In June Mrs. White wrote her last letter to me, saying that she was going to Nantucket and inviting me to visit her there in July. I wrote telling her it would not be possible for me to go, and expressing my deep regret, as it was always an inspiration to me to meet her. She passed away in her picturesque home by the sea, September 7. Surely a woman who has done such a great and noble work all through her life as Mrs. Caroline Earle White has done should have her name enrolled in a Hall of Fame.

I must add that Mrs. White attended the Convention of the American Humane Association at Washington in 1913 and made one of the best extemporaneous speeches that was made by man or woman on that occasion.—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

❖	LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES	❖
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We beg all our friends to bear in mind the Annual Fair, December 11 and 12, in the ball rooms of the Copley Plaza Hotel. We are ready to receive articles at any time for any of the tables.

One day in August the League received 190 calls to send agents after cats both stray and owned.

The League received and humanely cared for during the month of September 4202 cats, 330 dogs, 50 horses. The horses were found by our agent as usual in stables, auction rooms, out in pastures, and on the streets.

Complaints about horses are sent to the League from long distances and are always attended to. In Foxboro a horse was reported as being utterly neglected and limping around the street getting into neighbor's gardens. Our agent found the horse badly diseased, very lame, a bruise over one eye where he had evidently been struck (he had been driven by boys) and as once put him to death. The owner had been told he must not work the horse and was utterly neglecting him. There was no sign of any grain or hay in the stable.

A cab driver who has for many years had a stand at B. B. Station owned a horse he has twice sent to Pine Ridge for rest. This summer the horse was again brought out to Pine Ridge but was evidently in such condition he was no longer fit for work. The cab driver had had an offer of \$50.00 from a man who thought he might get enough work out of this faithful old horse to make it worth while to pay that amount but the cab driver had a heart and a conscience and sold him to the League for half that amount. "Diamond" is now enjoying freedom from work and plenty of good feed in our Home of Rest. We would like to raise the amount we paid for him to fifty dollars as the cab driver is a poor man and should be glad of any small contributions for this purpose.



ARCHIE MACDONALD, THE LEAGUE AGENT, TAKING THE HORSE FROM THE FIELD.

Three telephone calls were sent about a horse put out in a field to die. This horse, a bay gelding, blind in both eyes, about twenty years old, weighing 700 pounds, with spavin on both hind legs, was found in a pasture in Framingham without water. He was unable to eat grass, as his lower incisor teeth were all out but one and his molars were worn down to the gums. He was in a starving condition. He had been owned by different persons in the surrounding district, until he finally came into the hands of two men who got all the work they could out of him and then turned him out in the pasture to die. A member of the Animal Rescue League, who is most devoted and assiduous in her work for animals, heard of this case and took our agent to see the horse. The animal, of course, had to be destroyed.

Two Recent Cases.

Horse dealer had a gray horse eighteen years old, with fistula, that was sent in from Revere to be sold. Agent paid five dollars.

Bay horse, twenty years old, very thin and lame, spavined. Was working in an express in Boston. Our agent complained to the express company who gave up the horse to him.

One of our agents rescued a cat from such a height in a tree that our emergency ladder which is carried on the side of one of our cars, although 24 feet in length, did not reach within another ten feet of the cat who had been crying dismally for hours utterly terrified by the height she found herself in the tree. John Stanley bravely

climbed the remaining distance to the admiration and fear of spectators below and brought the cat safely to earth.

Our work through the summer has been almost overwhelming and we need money this fall. A number of our friends have sent congratulations on the news of bequests published in the papers but they must remember we do not get these bequests probably for two years and meanwhile we need money. We are counting on the Fair to help us.

We have begun our work of sending to the beaches and we keep up the work all through the fall or as long as there is any chance of finding deserted animals. Any one wishing to send help for this special branch of our work may send to the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, designating the purpose for which the money is sent.

Letters of Interest.

METHUEN, MASS.

DEAR FRIENDS: The number of my house is 231 Pelham St., Methuen, Mass. I am writing for one of your pins and I am going to tell you about my pets. I have one dog, seven cats, thirty-five cows, and four pet calves. I live out in the country on a farm where you can have all the apples you want. We have a big pasture where we go to see the cows. We have seventy-four acres of land and have to work in them.—Yours truly, RAYMOND MESSER.

SANBORNVILLE, N. H., Aug. 17, 1916.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE: Your card received and in reply would say that "Ivan" the dog we took from you is well and seems perfectly contented.

The children romp and play with him and he seems to think everything of them.

He looks much different now than he did when we took him from you. His hair is growing thick and is brushed most every day to keep it smooth and glossy.

We feel quite safe here in the woods with him as he seems to be a good watch dog as well as a pet.—H. A. G.



HERBERT AND LADDIE.

DEAR MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH: I am glad that you liked my cakes for the dogs. I am sending the receipt. I have been sick in bed with a cold but I am better now. Laddie stays all the time with me when I am sick and he seems to be so sorry for me. Please give my love to all the dogs, cats and horses. With love, HERBERT ROBERTSON.

RECEIPT FOR HERBERT'S AND LADDIE'S CAKES.

CHEESE CAKES.

Take six tablespoons of lard, a pinch of salt and nine tablespoons of water; three cups of flour. Mix and let stand in a cold place over night. In the morning mix into it three tablespoons of sugar and a cupful of grated cheese. Roll out, not too thin and cut out small round cakes.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS., June 14, 1916.

The young fox terrier that my daughter took from you on April 24 is very happy and contented with us. He proves to be very affectionate and easily taught. Yesterday he came in with his face rather badly torn. We took him to Dr. William White, the best veterinary surgeon in Newtonville, and we anticipate no trouble. He will be watching him. We were glad not to have to leave him at the doctor's. Be assured

he shall have the best care this family can give him.

My own cat whose teeth your doctor extracted is in fine condition now. I am writing for my daughter. Very truly yours,—Mrs. W. E. S.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., July 2, 1916.

DEAR MRS. SMITH: I arrived home safely, and found Dolly, my cat, almost heartbroken. She had refused to eat or notice any one. When I opened the door she rushed to meet me beside herself with joy, and I wish you could have seen the amount of fish she ate.

My mother and husband are both very much interested in Pine Ridge and they made me tell them every detail about it. I had such a delightful visit, Mrs. Smith, that it will give me great pleasure to think about it for a good while to come.—Yours sincerely, G. C.

The following letter with one dollar enclosed has been sent by an anonymous giver. The dollar is entered in our books as "The Widow's Mite." Such letters as this give new courage and strength for the work.

DEAR MRS. SMITH: Please accept a "widow's mite." I wish it was a thousand instead. It will give one poor horse a good meal. I do sincerely wish everybody would help you in such a good cause. May health and happiness and prosperity be with you always is the wish of your friend, also a friend and lover of all dumb animals. May God bless you!

Discerning.

"Daisy," remarked the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?"

"Oh, yes; I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the Promised Land is flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"—Tit Bits.



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and you have the strongest ally that can be found. In our list of supplementary reading for the schools are books of all the ages, and in them all is the substance that feeds this transcending faculty of the human mind. In the *Classics for Children*, alone, are fifty volumes representative of the best in the literature of the world. These books have lived because they spoke to the imagination, and led the reader far away from his environment. They will long continue to live and to appeal ever more strongly to young minds hungry for such food as they offer.

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Aesop Fables	40 cents	Lamb Tales from Shakespeare	45 cents
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Volumes 12 and 13

We have now on hand a number of bound volumes of Our
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actual cost of paper and binding. On mail orders add 12
cents for postage.

Those interested in humane education will find these bound
volumes of great value.

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OUR NEW PIN



Every member of the Animal
Rescue League ought
to have one of our attract-
ive new pins. They will
be sent by mail for four
cents each in stamps on
application to this office.

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on hill just outside of **READING, MASS.** Forty-five
minutes by automobile, 22 minutes by express trains from
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Tel. 564 W Lexington, Mass.

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the
Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in
individual lots is from \$10 up, according to location.

Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can
be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at
Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$5.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at
the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St.,
Boston. Tel. Oxford 244.

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Organized February 9, 1899.

Incorporated March 13, 1899.

A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts.



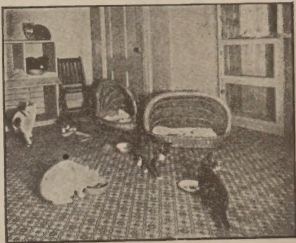
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78 NORTHAMPTON STREET	SOUTH END
79 MOORE STREET	CAMBRIDGE
51 MARBLE STREET	STONEHAM
58 ASTOR STREET	WEST LYNN



Population of cities and towns served	1,750,000
Animals received in 1915	38,509
Animals brought in by visitors	10,164
Copies of humane literature distributed	85,000
Visitors received	25,000



THREE MOTOR COL-
LECTING VANS AND } are at work every week day collecting animals.
TWELVE AGENTS }

Number of calls made in 1915	18,849
Number of animals collected	28,345

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 15 years in charge of the League Veterinarian
DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

Number of animals treated	75,000
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1915	6,500
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1915	350
Number of horses humanely killed, 1915	531
Number of horses given vacations	45



PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME
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care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks
and restored to condition for work, or humanely
killed.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL
ANIMALS, 238 Pine Street, Dedham.



For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, the Animal Rescue League depends wholly on
membership fees, gifts, and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been
able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to
Mrs. Huntington Smith, President, or Livingston Cushing, Treasurer, 51 Carver Street, Boston.